New Light Upon Lord Byron's Life.

The first volume of the new edition of Lord Byron's Letters and Journals, edited by R. E. PROTEERO (John Murray), earries us to Aug. 22, 1811. It comprehends a good deal of material not to be found in previous collections We inve here 108 letters, or an addition of 107 to those published by Moore with relation to the same period; of 90, to those given by Halleck; and of 80 to those reproduced by Mr. W. E. Henley in 1897. Of this supplemental matter, considerably more than two-thirds was inaccessible to Moore when his well-known "Life of Byron" appeared in 1930 Besides the hitherto unpublished letters, the editor of this volume has had access to a quantity of notes containing many details of biographical interest which were secumulated by grandfather and the father of the present Mr. John Murray. It appears that the whole of the new material is to be given to the world, with the exception of some of the business letters written by Byron to his solicitors. So far as the letters comprised in the present volume are concerned, they were written by Byron from his eleventh to his twenty-third year, and it is probable that very few of them would have been inserted for their literary value alone. A strong biographical interest, however, they undoubtedly have. They illustrate the cirstamstances under which Byron composed his youthful poetry, the "English Bards and Scotch Beviewers," the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," and they carry his history down to the eve of that morning of March. 1812, when he awoke and found himself famous to an extent which to the present generation seems almost incomprehensible. that between his mother and himself there existed, in spite of frequent and violent collisions, a real affection, and they attest the warmth of his regard for his half-sister, Augusta, which lost nothing from the rarity of their personal intercourse. The volume also introduces to us the only two men among Byron's contempo raries, namely, Lord Clare and Hobhouse, who remained his lifelong friends. Viewed collectively, the letters now printed add much to the truth and completeness of Byron's portrait and constitute the best substitute for the "Mem eirs" in which the poet himself intended that his story should be told.

The editor, naturally, begins with an account of Byron's parents. His mother, Catherine Gordon of Gight, who was born in 1765, and died in 1811, was descended, on the paternal side, from Sir William Gordon of Gight, the third son of George, second Earl of Huntly and Chancellor of Scotland, by Arabella Stewart daughter of James I, of Scotland. In the seventh generation from Sir William Gordon, the fendal stronghold of Gight passed to an heiress, Mary Gordon, who married Alexander Davidson of Newton. He assumed his wife's name, and had by her a son, Alexander Gordon, who married Margaret Duff of Craigston, a cousin of the first Earl of Fife. Their eldest son, George, married Catherine Innet of Rosieburn, and, by her, became father of Catherine Gordon, afterward Mrs. Byron. Both her parents dying early, Catherine was brought up at Banfi by her grandmother, commonly called Lady Gight, a penurious, Illiterate woman, who, however, was careful that her granddaughter should be better educated than herself. Thus for the second time, Gight, which, with other property, was worth about £24,000, passed to an heiress. Miss Catherine Gordon was proud of her ancestry, and, even when other charms had vanished, was vain of her arms and hands When Stewartson painted her portrait in 1806 she taxed his patience by her anxiety to have a particular turn in her elbow exhibited in the most pleasing light. She was awkward in her movements, provincial in her accent and man ner; her temper, in later life at least, was un governable; her language, when excited, unrestrained; her love of gossip insatia-How far her defects of temper may have been produced by her husband's illtreatment and her hard struggle with poverty Mr. Prothero does not undertake to say. It is certain that she had many good qualities. For example, she bore the ruin of her fortunes with good sense, dignity, and composure. She lived on a miserable pittance without running into debt; pinched herself in order to give her son a liberal supply of money; was warm hearted and generous to those in distress. Sho was fond of books, subscribed to a book club. copied passages which struck her in the course of her reading, collected all the criticisms on her son's poetry, made shrewd comments upor them, and corresponded with her friends on literary subjects

It was at Bath, in 1785, that Miss Catherine Gordon, then 20 years of age, met and married Capt. John Byron. Born at Plymouth in 1755. John Byron was the eldest son of Admiral the Hon. John Byron, by his marr Bophia Trevanion of Carhais, in Cornwall. The Admiral, who was the next brother to William. fifth Lord Byron, was a distinguished naval officer, whose narrative of his shipwreck in the Wager was published in 1708. His eldest son, John Byron, educated at Westminster and a French military academy, entered the Guards and served in America. A spendthrift, a gambler and a profligate scamp, disowned by his father, in 1788, he ran away with Lady Carmarthen, Baroness Conyers in her own right, and wife of Francis, Marquis of Carmarthen, and afterward fifth duke of Leeds. Lady Carmarthen was promptly divorced by her husband, after which she married Capt. Byron, and the pair lived in Paris, where were born to them son and a daughter, both of whom died in infancy, and a third child, Augusta, the poet's half-sister, who subsequently married her first cousin, Col. George Leigh. In 1784 Lady Convers died, and Capt. Byron returned to England, a widower, over head and ears in debt. and in search of an heiress. The next year, as we have said, he married Catherine Gordon, who, at the end of eighteen months, found herself stripped of her property and reduced to the income derived from £4,200, which, itself, was subject to an annuity payable to her grandmother. On Jan. 22, 1788, Mrs. Byron-Gordon ther husband had assumed her name) gave birth to her only child, George Gordon, after ward sixth Lord Byron. Three years afterward her husband died, and, in 1798, her son's great uncle, the fifth Lord Byron, also died, whereby George Gordon, then 10 years old, succeeded to the title and estates.

II.

In one of the first letters printed in this volume, and dated May, 1803, Byron, then at Harrow, asks his mother to tell Sheldrake, a scientifle bootmaker in the Strand, to make haste with his shoes. This allusion to the poet's lameness, as to which there have been many egntradictory assertions, furnishes the text for a long footnote, in which the editor has condensed all the accessible information on the subject. Byron seems to have suffered with what would now be described as infantile paralysis, which affected the inner muscles of the right leg and foot, and rendered him permanently lame. Writing May 31, 1791, to Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Byron says: "George's foot turns inward, and it is the right foot; he walks quite on the side of his foot." In 1708 the child was placed under the care of Lavender, a trussmaker at Nottingham, and in the following year he was taken to London in order to consult Dr. Baillie, by whom he was attended until the end of 1802. Special appliances were made for the boy by Sheldrake, who, in the Lancet for 1827, describes "Lord Byron's Case," giving an illustration of the foot. His accoundoes not tally in all respects, however, with that taken from contemporary letters, and, curiously enough, his sketch represents the left, not the right leg. There has been, as we have said, much misconception touching the nature and extent of Byron's lameness. Lady Ble ton, Moore, Galt and the Contessa Albrizzi never knew which foot was deformed. Jackson, the boxer, thought it was the left foot. Trelawney says that it proceeded from a contraction of the back sinew, and that the right foot was most distorted. The lasts from which his shoes were made by Swift, the Southwell bootmaker, are preserved in the Nottingham

is perfect in shape. The last pair of shoes modelled on them was made in May, 1807. Mrs. Leigh Hunt says that the left foot was shrunken, but was not a clubfoot. Stendhall says the right foot. Thorwaldsen indicates the left foot. Dr. James Millingen, who inspected the feet after the poet's death, says that there was a malformation of the left foot and leg, and that he was born clubfooted. Two surgical boots made for Byron when a child are in the possession of Mr. John Murray; both, we are fold, are for the right foot, ankle and leg. If it be assumed that they were made to fit, they are too long and thin for a clubfoot.

111. The first of the poet's letters to his half sister was written in March, 1804, when Byron was 16 years old. We scarcely need remind the reader that it was against this lady that a slauderous imputation was aimed by Mrs. Harrie Beecher Stowe. A good deal of information relating to her will be found in footnote on pages 18-20. The Hon. Augusta Byron was, as we have said, the daughter of Capt. John Byron by his first wife, Amelia d'Arcy, only child of the last Earl of Holdernesse, who was Baroness Conyers in her own right, and the divorced wife of the Marquis of Carmarthen. After the return of Capt. and Mrs. Byron from the Continent to London early in 1788, Augusts Byron was brought up by her grandmother the Countess of Holdernesse, and, when the latter died, divided her time between her half sister, Lady Pelham, her half brother George, who ucceeded his father as sixth Duke of Leeds. her cousin, the Earl of Carlisle, and Gen. and Mrs. Harcourt. In 1807 she married her first cousin, Col. George Leigh of the Tenth Dragoons, the son of Gen. Charles Leigh, by Frances, daughter of Admiral the Hon. John Byron. By her husband, who was a friend of the Prince Regent, and well known in society, she was the mother of seven children. Augusta Byron seems scarcely to have seen her brother between his infancy and 1802; but thencefor ward until his death she took in him the inerest of an elder sister. From the end of 1805 the correspondence between them was mainained to the end of Byron's life. To Augusta then Mrs. Leigh, Byron sent a presentation copy of "Childe Harold," with the in 'To Augusta, my dearest sister and my best friend, who has ever loved me much better than I deserve, this volume is resented by her father's son and most affectionate brother" She was the godmother of Byron's daughter, Augusta born Dec. 10, 1815. Early in January, 1816. when Lady Byron was still with her husband. she wrote of and to Mrs. Leigh: "In this, at least, I am truth itself, when I say that, whatever the situation may be, there is no one whose ociety is dearer to me or can contribute more to my happiness." Lady Byron left her husband on Jan. 15, 1816. Writing within a few days afterward to Mrs. Leigh from Kirby Mallory, she speaks of her as her "best comforter," notices her absolute unselfishness, and says that Augusta's presence in Byron's house in Piccadilly is her "great comfort." Through Mrs. Leigh passed many communications between Byron and Lady Byron after the separa-tion. To her Byron in 1816 and 1817 wrote the two sets of "Stanzas to Augusta," the "Epistle

But one thing want these banks of Rhine Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine To her he was writing a letter at Missolonghi (Feb. 23, 1824), which he did not live to finish: 'My dearest Augusta, I received a few ago yours and Lady Byron's report of Ada's health." He carried with him everywhere the pocket Bible which she had given him. "I have a Bible," he told Dr. Kennedy, "which my sister gave me, who is an excellent woman, and I read it very often." His last articulate words were, "My sister; my child." It seems that several volumes of Mrs. Leigh's commonplace books are in existence; most of the extracts with which they are filled are on religious topics. She was, wrote the fate Earl tanhope, in a letter quoted in the Quarterly Review for October, 1869, "very fond" of talking about Byron. "She was." he continues extremely unprepossessing in her personal appearance; more like a nun than anything. and never can have had the least pretension to seauty. I thought her shy and sensitive to a fault in her mind and character." Frances Lady Shelley, who died in January, 1873, and was acquainted with Byron and his contempo raries, speaks of her as a " Dowdy-Goody."

to Augusta," and the journal of his journey

of "Manfred." She was in his thoughts on

the Rhine and in the third canto of "Childe

Harold:

through the Alps, which contain all the gern

IV. On page 163 will be found a long and interesting footnote about John Cam Hobhouse. who, born in 1788, was in 1851 created Baron Broughton de Gyfford. From a school at Brisand thence to Trinity, Cambridge, where he made Byron's acquaintance. In 1800 he pubished a poetical miscellany, consisting of sixty five pieces, of which Byron contributed nine In 1809-10 he was Byron's travelling companion abroad, and during 1814 he was much with the poet in London. He was Byron's best man at the poet's marriage (Jan. 2, 1815), and it was to him that the bride said, " If I am not happy it will be my own fault." He was the last per son who shook hands with Byron on Dover pier when the latter left England in 1816 the same year he was with him at the Villa Diodati, on the Loke of Geneva, and travelled with him to Venice. To him Byron dedicated "The Siege of Corinth." In the next year he was again with Byron in the Villa la Mira on the banks of the Brenta, and at Venice, where he prepared the commentary on the fourth "Childe Harold," which Byron dedicated to him. In 1822 he travelled in Italy and at Pisa on Sept. 20 saw for the last time Byron, whose parting words were: "Hobbouse you should never have come, or you should never go." In July, 1824, when Byron's body was brought home, he took charge of the funeral ceremonies from Westminster Stairs to the interment at Hucknall Torkard. In 1830 he wrote, but by legal advice with held, a refutation of the charges made against the dead poet as to his separation from Lady Byron. He has, however, left on record that it was not fear which induced Byron to agree to the separation, but that, on the contrary, he was ready to "go into court." The stanchest of Byron's friends, Hobhouse was also the most sensible and most can As such, Byron valued him, Talking to Lady Blessington at Genoa in 1823, he said that Hobhouse was "the most impartial, or, perhaps," added he, "unpartial of my friends; he always told me my faults, but I must do him the justice to add that he told them to me, and not to others." On another occasion he said, "If friendship, as most people imagine consists in telling one the truth, unvarnished. unadorned truth, he is, indeed, a friend; yet, hang it, I must be candid, and say I have had many other and more agreeable proofs of Hobpouse's friendship than the truths he always told me; but the fact is I wanted him to sugar them over a little with flattery, as nurses do the physic given to children; and he never would, and, therefore, I have never felt quite content with him, though, au fond, I respect him the more for his candor, while I respect myself very much less for my weakness in dis liking it.'

About another friend of Byron's, Serope Berdmore Davies, we hear a good deal in this volume. Davies, born at Horsley, Gloucester shire, in 1783, was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, where he became a fel low in July, 1805. A witty companion with a dry, caustic manner and an irresistible stammer Davies was, during the Regency and afterward, a popular member of fashionable society Being a daring gambler and shrewd calcutator, he at one time won heavily at the gaming table. On June 10, 1814, as he told Hobhouse, he won £0,065 at Watier's Club at macao Capt. Gronow, in his "Reminiscences," sketches him among "Golden Ball Hughes," "King" Allen and other dandles. Luck, however, turned against him, and he retired, poverty stricken almost dependent upon his fellowship,

Museum, and in both, strange to say, the foot | to Paris, where he died in May, 1852. Byron counted Davies as a friend, though not on the same plane as Hobbouse. He borrowed from him £4,800 before he laft England in 1809, repaid him in 1814, and dedicated to him his "Parisina." In his Manuscript journal he says: "One of the eleverest men I ever knew in conversation was Scrope Berdmore Davies. Hobbouse is also very good in that line, though it is of less consequence to a man who has other ways of showing his talents than in company. Scrope was always ready and often witty: Hobbouse was witty, but not always so ready, being more diffident." Byron of his appointed Davies one of the executors will, made in 1811. In his journal for March 28, 1814, occurs this entry: "Yesterday dined tête-à-tête at the Cocoa with Scrope Davies; sat from 6 to midnight: drank between us one bot tle of champagne and six of claret, neither of which wines ever affect me. Offered to take Scrope home in my carriage; but he was tipsy and plous, and I was obliged to leave him on his knees praying to I know not what purpose or pagod. No headache nor sickness that night for to-day. Got up, if anything, earlier than usual; sparred with Jackson ad sudorem, and have been much better in health than for many days. I have heard nothing more from Scrope. Davies visited Byron at the Villa Diodati in 1816 and brought back with him the "Childe Harold." On his third canto of return he gave evidence before the Lord in the case of Byron Johnson, when an injunction was obtained to restr in Johnson from publishing a volume containing Lord Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land" and other works which he professed to have bought from the poet for £500. According to Gronow's "Rem iniscences." Davies, when invited to give his private opinion of Byron, said that he ered him "very agreeable and clover, but vain overbearing, suspicious and jealous. hated Palmerston," he added, " but liked Peel and thought that the whole world ought to b constantly employed in admiring his poetry and himself.

The article in the Edinburgh Review or

Byron's volume of poetry entitled "Hours o Idleness" nominally appeared in January 1808, but was not really published until late in February. Byron, writing to the Rev. John Becher on Feb. 26, 1808, had not yet read it, for he says: "I am of so much importance that the most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the Edinburgh Review. This I had from the authority of a friend, who has seen the proof and manuscript of the critique. You know the system of the Edinburgh gentlemen is universal attack. They praise none; and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. It is, however, something to be noticed, as they profes to pass judgment only on works requiring the public attention. You will see this when it comes out; it is, I understand, of the most unmerciful description: but I am aware of it, and hope you will not be hurt by its severity. Tell Mrs. Byron not to be out of humor with them, and to prepare her mind for the greatest hostility on their part. It will do no injury whatever, and I trust her mind will not be ruffled. They defeat their object by indiscriminate abuse, and they never praise any one, except the partisans of Lord Holland & Co (i. e., the Whigs). It is nothing to be abuse when Southey, Moore, Lauderdale, Strandford and Payne Knight share the same fate." Byrot must have read the caustic comments on his juvenile ventures the same evening, for on the following day he wrote to Hobhouse: "I am cut to atoms by the Edinburgh Review; it is just out, and has completely demolished my little fabric of fame." It should be remembered that the Critical, Monthly and Anti-Jaco-bin reviews had been very indulgent. Byron goes on to remark to Hobhouse: "This is rather scurvy treatment for a Whig review; but pollties and poetry are different things, and I am no adept in either. I therefore submit in ce." Among the less sentimental effects of this review upon Byron's mind he used to nention that on the day he read it he drank three bottles of claret for his own share after that nothing, however, relieved him till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme, and that "after the first twenty lines he felt himself considerably better." H. Crabb Robinson told De Morgan: "I was sitting with Charles Lamb when Wordsworth came in with fume in his countenance and the Edinburgh Review in his hand. 'I have no patience with these reviewers,' he said. 'Here is a young man, a lord and a minor, it appears, who publishes a little volume of poetry; and these fellows attack him as if no one may write poetry unless he lives in a garret. The young man will do something if he goes on.' When I became acquainted with Lady Byron I told her this story, and she said: 'Ah! if Byron had known that, he would never have attacked Wordsworth. He once went out to dinner where Wordsworth was When he came home I said: 'Well, how did the young poet get on with the old one?" 'To tell you the truth,' said he, 'I had but one feeling from the beginning of the visit to the

end-reverence."

In a letter written to his mother in October,

1808, the poet says: "I do not know that I re-

semble Jean Jacques Rousseau. I have no ambition to be like so illustrious a madman." Mr. Prothero points out that in Byron's "Detached Thoughts" he thus refers to the comparison with Rousseau: "My mother, before I was 20. would have it that I was like Rousseau, and Mme. de Staël used to say so, too, in 1813, and the Edinburgh Review has something of the sort in its critique of the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold.' I can't see any point of resemblance wrote prose, I verse; he was of the people I of the aristocracy; he was a philosopher. am none; he published his first work at 40, I mine at 18; his first essay brought him universal applause, mine the contrary; he married his housekeeper, I could not keep house with my wife; he thought all the world in a plot against him, my little world seems to think me in a plot against it, if I may judge by their abu print and coterie: he liked botany; I like flowers, herbs and trees, but know nothing of their pedigrees: he wrote music; I limit my knowledge of it to what I catch by ear-I never could learn anything by study, not even a language—it was all by rote and ear and memory he had a bad memory; I had, at least, an excellent one (ask Hodgson, the poet—a good judge, for he has an astonishing one): he wrote with esitation and care: I with rapidity, and rarely with pains: he could never ride, nor swim, nor was cunning of fence;' I am an excellen swimmer, a decent, though not at all a dashing, ider thaving stayed in a rib at 18 in the course of scampering), and was sufficient of fence, particularly of the Highland broadsword-not a had boxer, when I could keep my temper, which was difficult, but which I strove to do ever since I knocked down Mr. Purling and put is kneepan out (with the gloves on), in Angelo's and Jackson's rooms in 1806 during the sparring-and I was besides a very fair crickster—one of the Harrow eleven when we played against Eton in 1805. Besides Rousseau's way of life, his country, his manners, his whole character were so very different that I am at a loss to conceive how such a comparison could have arisen, as it has done three several times, and all in rather a remarkable manner. I lorgot to say that he was also shortsighted, and that hitherto my eyes have been the contrary, to such a degree that, in the largest theatre of Bologna, I distinguished and read some busts and inscriptions, painted near the stage, from a box so distant and so darkly lighted that none of the company (composed of young and very bright-eyed people, some of them in the same box), could make out a letter, and thought it was a trick, though I had never been in that theatre before. Altogether, I think myself justified in thinking the comparison not well founded. I don't say this out of pique, for Rousseau was a great man; and the thing, if were flattering enough; but I have no idea of being pleased with the chimera."

VI.

When Byron first came to live in London after leaving the university he gambled a good deal, but ultimately lost his taste for play. learn with delight," writes Hobhouse from

Cambridge, May 12, 1808, "from Scrope Davies that you have totally given up dice. To be sure, you must give it up. For you to be seen every night in the very vilest company in town—could anything be more shocking, anything more unfit? I speak feelingly on this occasion, non ignara mali miseris, &c. I know of nothing that should bribe me to be present once more at such horrible scenes. Perhaps 'tis as well that we are both acquainted with the extent of the evil that we may be the more earnest in abstaining from it. The following extract from Byron's journal is relevant to the subject: "I have a notion that gamblers are as happy as many people, being always excited. Women, wine, fame, the table, even am bition sate now and then; but every turn of the card and cast of the dice keeps the gamester alive; besides, one can game ten times longer than one can do anything else. I was very fond of it when young, that is to say of hazard for I hate all eard games-even faro. When macco, or whatever they spell it, was duced. I gave up the whole thing. For I loved and missed the dash and rattle of the box and dice and the glorious uncertainty not only of good luck or bad luck, but of any luck at all as one has sometimes to throw often to decide at all. I have thrown as many as fourteen mains running and carried off all the cash on the table, occasionally; but I had no coolness or judgment or calculation. It was the delight f the thing that pleased me. Upon the whole I left off in time, without being much a winner Since one and twenty years of age, or loser. played but little, and then never above a hundred, or two, or three." It was not so much gambling as his general extravagance that plunged Byron into debt: it must be remem pered that the income attached to the title was comparatively small. In December 1808, we find him writing to his attorney 'I suppose it will end in my marrying rolden Dolly, or blowing my brains out it does not much matter which, the remedies are nearly alike." The mother strongly advised his marriage with an arriver. In a letter to the family solicitor da'ed Jan. 30, 1809, she says: Byron told me he is tended to put his servant n board wages at Newstead. I was very sorr to hear of the great expense the Newstead fet would put him to. I can see nothing but the road to ruin in all this, which grieves me to the eart, and makes me still worse than I would otherwise be, unless, indeed, coal mines turn to gold mines, or that he mends his fortune in the old and usual way, by marrying a young woman with two or three hundred thousand pounds. I have no doubt of his being a great speaker and celebrated public character and all that; but that won't add to his fortune, but bring more expenses on him, and there is nothing to be had n this country to make a man rich in his line of ife." In another letter to the same person penned about a month later, she returns to the topic: "I have had a very dismal letter from my son informing me that he is ruined. He wishes to borrow my money. This I shall be very ready to oblige him in on security as you approve. As it is my all, this is very necessary, and I am sure he would not wish to have it on any other terms. I wish he would take the debt of a thousand pounds that I have been security for on himself and pay about eighty pounds he owes here. I wish to God he would exert himself and retrieve his affairs. He must marry a woman of fortune this spring; love matches is all nonsense. Let him make use of the talents God has given him. He is an English peer and has all the privileges of that situation.

It is in a letter addressed to Henry Drury and dated on board the Salsette frigate, May 3, 1810, that Byron gives an account of his imitating the feat ascribed to Leander: "This morning I swam from Sestos to Abydos. The im mediate distance is not above a mile, but the current renders it hazardous; so much so that I doubt whether Leander's conjugal affection must not have been a little chilled in his pass age to paradise. I attempted it a week ago and failed, owing to the north and the wonderful rapidity of the tide. though I have been from my childhood strong swimmer. This morning being calmer. I succeeded, and crossed the broad Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes." In Hobbouse's journal, Byron made the following note: "The whole distance which E. Lieut, Ekenhead of the Marines] and myself swam was more than four miles; the current was very strong and cold; some large fish was near us when half across; we were not fatigued, but a little chilled; did it with little difficulty." In a note to the "Lines Written After Swimming from Sestos to Abydos," Byron writes: 'Chevalier says that a young Jow swam the same distance for his mistress, and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan, but our Consul remembered neither of these circumstances and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsetto's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance, and the only thing that surprised me was that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavored to ascertain its prac-ticability." Of this feat Byron was always proud, but Hobhouse records that the poet had before made a more perilous, but less celebrated passage: "I recollect that, when we were in Portugal, we swam from old Lisbon to Belem Castle, and, having to contend with the tide and undercurrent, the wind blowing frightfully, were a little less than two hours in crossing."

We shall recur to this new collection of Byron's letters and journals upon the appearance of the second volume, which will undoubtedly throw light upon the causes of the poet's separation from his wife. M. W. H.

Conversations with Gladstone In the mass of Gladstone literature which has seen the light since the statesman's death one little book deserves particular mention. We refer to a volume comprising some 200 pages and entitled Talks with Mr. Gladstone, by the Hon. LIONEL TOLLEMACHE (Longmans, Green & (lo.). It is quite beyond the author's purpos to enter into any sort of competition with any omplete biography of Mr. Gladatone that may appear hereafter; he has merely undertaken to ontribute some material for such a work. He is so modest as to describe himself as a kind of Boswell, who, after a chat with Mr. Gladstone was at pains to set down what had been said by his interlocutor. He does, however, exercise the office of selection and distribution with the aim of producing what he terms an "ethograph" of his subject; that is to say, a photograph of his moral and social physiog-nomy as it presented itself in a long series of interviews extended over many years. Mr. Tollemache saw Mr. Gladstone several times between 1856 and 1870, and a good deal more of him between 1891 and 1896. More than fourfifths of the book are allotted to the talks he had with the distinguished statesman in the last named period. Among the Boswellian canons to which in his capacity of recorder the author has subjected himself is a self-denying ordinance which it is to be wished ad been observed by Boswell himself. The ordinance to which we refer is this, that Mr. Toilemache does not in general presume to sit in judgment on Mr. Gladstone except in cases where intercourse served to throw light on some misunderstood parts of his character We should note that, the author being a Conservative, the conversations that he had with Mr. Gladstone seldom turned upon political topics. Occasionally, however, the great man rould indulge in political reminiscences, and his anecdotal reflections on such men as anning, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli and Bright are set forth with the utmost possible minuteiess. For the talks with Gladstone which took place between 1856 and 1870 we refer the eader to the book itself; we shall here touch only on certain matters concerning which he expressed opinions during the last six or seven years of his life.

Let us glance first at Mr. Gladstone's references to some of the eminent men with whom he was brought in contact during his political career. Let us take them, not in the order of their utterance, but in the order of the time to which the statesman referred to belonged. With regard to Peel, it will surprise many to that his chief disciple was inclined to think that

"Bhortly (I think) after the Reform bill, the Conservative leaders had got the party into a state of what seemed hopeless confusion, so much so that one night they were preparing to send in their resignations. Fortunately for them. Lord Grey made an attack on the party as a whole. This irritated the followers so that they rallied under their leaders, and the party held its ground. It is well known that Peel was no phrase maker, like Disraeli and Bright, nor did he ever make professions of austere integrity, but oncerning the depth of his sense of public duty Gladstone remarked on another occasion The great virtue of Peel was that he had such an enormous conscience. Conscience they say, is a very expensive thing to keep Peel certainly kept one." Our author recalled the fact that Poel had been pared by Disraeli to the Turkish Admiral who treacherously steered the fleet under his mmand into the enemy's harbor; it was further suggested that in the matters of Cath olie emancipation and free trade other men had labored and Peel had reaped the harvest o their labor. Gladstone answered: "Yes. But when he had finally made up his mind he stuck to it unflinchingly. His great failure was in regard to Ireland. He thought he could cobble up the Irish difficulty by endowing Maynooth and establishing what the strong Protestant would call godless colleges." Gladstone thought that in one instance Peel, with the best motives, had done the Irish a grea injury. He passed the Encumbered Estates act. "It is fair to say that when the cottiers improved their land the old landlords did no read on the heels of the improvement. Bu after the passing of Peel's act, when any and came to be sold, the urally wanted to get the full value his money; and so the poor ant lost all the value of his improvements, Gladstone went on to notice as amusing th fact that in the new "National Biography only fifteen pages are given to Peel and twent; pages to Parnell. Thereupon his interlocuto remarked: "You once told me that Parnell' seeches reminded you of Lord Palmerston' in their way of expressing exactly what th speaker meant to say. But, of course, y would call Parnell a pigmy compared with Lord Gladstone replied: "I should not call him anything of the sort. He had statesmanlike qualities, and I found him wonderfully good man to do business with un til I discovered him to be a consummate liar It is a pity that Mr. Tollemache did not elicit the grounds on which this surprising charge of mendacity is levelled against Parnell. Instead of doing so, he proceeded to ask what sort of a place in history Gladstone would assign to Lord Palmerston. The response was: we take our former standard of measure ment I should say that, if Peel has fifteen pages of the 'National Biography,' Palmerston should have ten or twelve." Gladstone went on to say that Palmerston had two admirable qualities, to wit; an intense love of constituional freedom everywhere and a profoun hatred of negro slavery. One would like to earn how this imputed hatred of slavery could be reconciled with Palmerston's good wishes for the success of the Southern Confederacy. which would have rendered slavery ineradica One signal service, indeed, Palmerston rendered to Ireland: he appointed the Devon commission, which collected facts proving the rish to be the most oppressed, the most miserable, and the most patient population Europe; but he did not make any practical use of this knowledge. I should not ascribe to him the overpowering conscientiousness which I ascribe to Peel." Gladstone presently qualified the slur apparently conveyed in the last sentence by declaring that he would not say of Palmerston that he had a crooked conscience illustration will best show the fault that I find n him. When the troubles were first arising between Prussia and Denmark, Palmersto said that if the Danes were attacked they would not stand alone. They were attacked, they did stand alone, and Palmerston did not resign. Mr. Tollemache suggested that Palmerston may have thought that the cause of Denmark would be warmly supported by England. Glad-stone rejoined: "He had no business to think. There was an Eton master named Heath who had an odd sort of dry humor. When he was ng to send a boy up to be flogged, and the boy began to make excuses, saying. 'I thought so and so.' he used to say, 'No boy has any

too high. There were, he said, two things en-

pecially conspicuous about Peel. One was his

overmastering sense of public duty, the other

thing was his sense of measure. With regard to the latter characteristic, Gladstone observed

that Peel "had generally an exact sense of the

proportion between one bill and the gen-

eral policy of the Government; also of the proportion between the different parts of

same bill, and of the relation

their followers." He went on to ex-plain that what was meant by this sense of

measure would be understood if an instance

were mentioned in which such tact was cor

which the leaders of a party stood their followers." He went on to

tho

spicuously wanting.

With regard to Canning, it was pointed out by Gladstone that his speeches, in their colleeted form, are very different from what they were as originally reported. He had not heard, he said, the famous speech delivered in 1826, in which Canning announced exultantly that he had called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. He had heard two earlier ones, however. One was pronounced at Liverpool in 1822; it was called the "Red Lion" speech. In this speech Canning satirized those who made reform a panacea by comparing them to the painter who would paint nothing but red lions. In boudoirs he used to paint small red lions; in drawing rooms, bigger ones. Another speech of Canning's which Gladstone heard contained a prediction of the future greatness of Lord John Russell; it was, in substance: "I doubt not that the noble lord will become great, and that his principles will triumph; but for myself I am proud to be on the losing side." Gladstone thought the best thing said in Parliament in this century was a sentence of Canning's. Pitt had been a free trader, but in his later life he took a line which naturally made the Tories claim him as a protectionist. Canning was thoroughly devoted to his old master, and used to say that his allegiance was with Pitt in his tomb. He said of those protectionists who appealed to the authority of Pitt: "They are like those savages who pay no honor to the sun when he is in his meridian splendor, but who, when he is under a momentary oclipse, come forth with cymbals and dancing to adore him. Gladstone's recollection of the passage differs slightly from the ordinary version, which is as follows: "Such perverse worship is like the dolatry of barbarous nations, who can see the

business to think until he gets to the Upper

to think until he had learned what the country

Division.' And so Palmerston had no busines

was prepared to do."

noonday splendor of the sun without emotion. ut when he is in eclipse come forward with their hymns and cymbals to adore him." The wittiest thing that Gladstone ever heard in Parliament was, he said, a retort made by Lord John Russell. Sir Francis Burdett had been a strong Radical; but after some years ne became a Conservative. His inconsistency brought him into opposition with his old col-leagues. On one occasion he made a ruther violent speech in which he said there was nothing he hated so much as the "cant of patriotam." Lord John Russell got up and said that for himself there was one thing he hated worse and that was, "the recent of patriotism." Gladstone's opinion the neatest thing ever said by Bright was when he spoke of the party named from the Cave of Abdullam as being like a Skye terrier: "It was so covered with hair that you could not tell its head from its tail." The leading members of the Cave were Lowe and Horsman, the latter of whom Gladstone described to Mr. Tollemache as "a mere wind-Of course, Bright meant to imply that bag. both these members uttered such platitudes

that those of Lowe were on a par with those of Horsman On the whole, Giadstone ranked Disraeli as

had ever existed. He looked upon his charac his reputation as a statesman stands somewhat ter, he said, as a great mystery, and it pained him to feel that the mystery would never be solved. He thought that "Dizzy did not show at his best during the last twenty years of his life. But he showed great ability when attack-ing Peel. Mind, I am not weighing his sayings in the moral scales, but they certainly showed great ability." Mr. Tollemache recalled the fact that Sheil, alluding to the falling off of Disraeli's eloquence after Peel's death, had compared him to a dissecting surgeon without a corpse. "I will give," pursued Gladstone, "one or two examples of his witty attack on Peel. Speaking of the Maynooth grant, he said of Peel: 'To what end is it that he thus convulses the country? That the Maynooth students may lie two in a bed instead of three in a bed.' I will not deny that Maynooth was pauperized; but I will pask on to another example: Disraeli charged Peel with tracing the team engine back to the teakettle." Apparently by this illustration Dizzy meant to indi cussing political questions on first principles.

cate that Peel was too much in the habit of dis-Once in 1891 the conversation turned upon Bright, and Mr. Tollemache mentioned that he had heard Bright's speech at the dinner given to W. L. Garrison after the conclusion of the American civil war. Mr. Gladstone rejoined that Bright approved of the American war, and, seemingly, of that war only. Bright had foreseen he said that although the Northern States were not in the first instance consciously fighting against slavery, the practical result of the war would be to abolish slavery; and he had seen this when hardly anybody else did. On another occasion-it was in 1804-Mr. Glad stone was requested to name the greates speaker that he had known in Parliament. He replied: "It depends on what you mean by a great speaker. No man was equal to Bright when he had time to prepare a subject. But he was not strong as a debater, though I remember his once being very successful in debate. I think it was about Ireland; but I am not sure. I once had an odd experienc was found convenient that I, as leader of the party, should make a speech from Bright's notes." Mr. Gladstone went on to mention another experience that he had had: ton was often a very troublesome opponent in debate. I remember once that at 3 o'clock in the morning he was going to attack me. I saw him go out of the house to eat an orange, and knew that this probably meant an hour's speech This was too much, and I beat a prudent re treat." Another Parliamentary reminiscen recalled by Gladstone at this time was the following: "The Conservatives appointed Lord Glenelg to a high official position. He was horoughly honorable, but was supposed to be inefficient, and had a way of falling asleep during debates. In the course of an exciting debate Brougham, in the House of Lords, expressed regret that he and his party had cos the noble lord so many sleepless days. I reminded Brougham of this afterward, and was glad to find that he had quite forgotten it. It showed that his wit was so abundant that he

could afford to forget particular instances of it.

III.

Gladstone's comments on contemporary men

of science may not be of any particular value

but they serve at least to indicate the limita

tions of his own intellect. The contempt with which Huxley treated him will be remembered It seems that Gladstone furnished Mr. Tolle mache with a few reminiscences of Sir Rich ard Owen. He said that seldom, if ever, had any man of science left on his mind such in impression as did Owen; an impres sion not of talent merely, but of genius Darwin had struck him in the same sort of way, but Darwin he had only met once in so ciety. He went on to explain that on the com parative merits of these two men of science he offered no opinion; but that, so far as his personal observation was concerned. Owen was he one who seemed to him to bear the stamp of genius most unmistakably. His interlocutor nquired whether he would not also say that Huxley was a man of genius. The answer was: Certainly not. Huxley has talent to any amount but not genius. One of the younger men of science, Romanes, has struck me a good deal; I should say that he has genius." It is certainly startling to find Romanes thus exalted over the heads of his fellows. Mr. Tollemache attributes the idiosyneratic opinion partly to the orthodox tendency of Gladstone's later years, which led him to depreciate Huxley, and partly to the fact that he regarded Romanes as not merely Christian, but as a proselyte, nay, as a recon verted pervert. In other words, in his Angli can heart there was more joy over one heretic that had recanted than over ninety and nine orthodox persons who needed no recantation. is interesting, but scarcely surprising, to note that the author of this book once heard Jowett express a doubt whether Mr. Gladstone himself could be properly called a man of genius. An orator of genius, Jowett said, utters many words and phrases which linger in mon's meming has been uttered by Gladstone. Mr. Tollemache thinks that this is too narrow a test; that the faculty of phrase-making is no more the touchstone of genius than is manysidedness of mind. It is suggested that Jowett's criticism may have been unjust to Gladstone in another way, for the reason that the very popularity and consequent dissemination of some of his epigrammatic sallies may have lessened the permanent credit which he has obtained for them. Mr. Tollemache's view of epigrams is that, as with marriageable daughters, the cleverer and more pleasing they are, the sooner are they likely to be dissociated rom the author of their being. At any rate he most widely applicable and widely circulated epigrams of an orator, as disinguished from those of a writer, are iable to be thus de-personalized. he thinks, may account for the fact that many of Mr. Gladstone's phrases soon ceased to be identified with their coiner. He would offer by way of illustration the phrase, sorrowful evidence of indisputable fact." the assertion to the effect that political economy has now been relegated to the planet Saturn also the allegation that a notorious event had brought a needful reform "within the range of present politics." The division of the population into the "classes" and the "masses" is said to have been popularized but not originated by Gladstone; here we have a wholly de-personalized epigram which has paid for its popularity by anonymity. Gladstone's saying that England is guarded by a "streak of silver sea" was, of course, borrowed from Shakespeare, who puts it in the mouth of John of Gaunt.

IV.

We pass to Gladstone's remarks on some the men of letters of his time. Mr. Tollemache referred on one occasion to the appointment of Alfred Austin as successor to Alfred Tennyson in the office of poet laurente, and asked whether it would not have been better to leave the post permanently vacant. Gladstone said: any rate. I should have waited until some one of Tennyson's calibre had turned up. I felt a special difficulty in recommending a success o Tennyson because by far the greatest of our English poets is practically out of the running. He went on to give reasons for this statement and spoke of some lines in which Swinburns had touched on the death of the late Czar. His interlocutor expressed surprise that the difficulty about William Morris's political opinions could not be got But Gladstone evidently was not inclined to place the author of "The Earthly Paradise" and of the "Life and Death of Jason" anywhere near Swinburne. He expressed surprise, also, at the extremely high praise which Matthew Arnold and others have bestowed on Wordsworth; but he added that the late Sir Francis Doyle, whose critical faculty he valued highly, took the same view. He could not understand, however, how Matthew Arnold could rank Wordsworth so much above Tennyson. Reminded that Matthew Arnold speaks contemptuously of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Gladstone observed: "I admire the 'Lays' very much; they will live." His attention vas called to an extraordinary passage in which Matthew Arnold hazards the opinion that Shelley's letters may outlive his poems. Gladthe greatest master of parliamentary wit that stone agreed with his interlocutor that criti-

ciams of this kind tend to shake one's faith in e critic's judgment. With regard to Carlyle Gladstone said: "I find it hard to be impartial, for Carlyle did not at all like me." And again: "The hard thing was that I had a long. interesting, and it seemed to me, amicable conversation with him at Mentone, and then to my amazement I found, when Froude's life of him came out, this very conversation mentioned in it and myself described as utterly contemptible and impenetrable to new ideas. I don't look upon Carlyle as a philosopher. Ten nyson once said to me a very good thing about him. He said 'Cariyle is a poet to whom hature has denied the faculty of verse." Some reference was made to Macaulay's indiscriminate praise of William III. and to his speaking less severely of William's private faulta in the matter of sexual morality than of those of James II. Gladstone said: "Of course, it was as a public man that Macaulay praised William, but I have no doubt that Macaulay's prejudica in favor of William extended to everything about him." The conversation drifted to Froude, and the question was raised whether, after all, it had been a mistake to confer on him the Regius professorship of modern history at Oxford. Gladstone spoke severely of the peculiar bias shown by Froude with regard to Henry VIII. An allusion was made to Charles Austin's regret that Grote had bestowed so little pains on his style, an inattention all the ore strange as the historian was keenly alive to the grace and charm of the classical writings. Gladstone said that he had heard Grote himself

find fault with the English of John Stuart Mill. We would not take leave of this volume without noting what Gladstone had to say in 1894 about the fact that there is a larger fund for the endowment of research in Germany than there is in England. He intimated that the difference was smaller than is generally supposed, point-ing out that the collective sum from which such men as Wordsworth and Tennyson received pensions was \$150,000 a year. Attention being directed to the increased endowment of research at Oxford, he spoke of it as strange that in no other country were there such large funds for the endowment of education, and yet there is no country where education is so expensive. He believed that Eton is more expensive now than in its younger days, and that Harrow is more expensive still. In the case of Eton the nodus operandi of the change was through the masters encroaching more and more on the lames. Being asked whether he did not think the reason was that it was wished to make what in England are called "public schools" the especial resort of gentlemen's sons, he said: No. It is very disgraceful, but not quite so bad as that."

The Scientific Significance of Play.

It is a valuable book which ELIZABETH L. BALDWIN has translated and the Messrs, Appleton have published, under the title of The Play of Animals, by Karl Groos, professor of philoso phy in the University of Basel. This is a contribution to three departments of inquiry, namely, philosophical biology, animal psychology, and the genetic study of art. Those who have lowed the beginnings of research into the functions of play in the animal world and in children will recognize how much light may be expected from a thoroughgoing examination of all the facts and observations recorded in the literature of animal life. Prof. J. M. Bald. win of Princeton University, who has himself undertaken similar inquiries, bears witness in a preface to this book to the thoroughness of the examination made by Prof. Groos and to the importance of its results.

In the first chapter of the volume before us the author considers at some length the "surplus-energy" theory of play put forward by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and arrives at the conclusion that the theory is inadmissible. Prof. Groes maintains that play, so far from being the product of surplus energy, or by-play, so to speak, is in truth, a matter of serious moment to the animal or child. Play is pronounced a veritable instinct, and this view of it is expanded in the second chapter in connection with such topics as imitation in its relation to play. These two chapters, and chapter 5, in which the psychology of the subject is treated, constitute the theoretical basis of the book. In chapters 3 and 4 the actual plays of

animals are described in detail and interpreted.

The main theoretical positions to which the author's study has brought him are the foilowing: He holds play to be an instinct developed by natural selection, at the same time giving good reasons for not accepting the inheritance of acquired characters. As an instinct, play is on a level with the other instincts which are developed for their utility. It is very near in its origin and functions to the instinct of imitation, but yet the two instincts are distinct. The utility of play is twofold: First, it enables the young animal to exercise himself beforehand in the strenuous and necessary functions of its life; and secondly, it enables the animal, by a general instinct, to do many things in a playful way, and so to learn for itself much that would otherwise have to be inherited in the form of special instincts; this puts a premium on intelligence, which thus comes to replace instinct. Either of these utilities would, in the opinion of Prof. Groos, insure and justify the play instinct; so important, indeed, are they that he suggests that the real purpose of infancy is that there may be time for play. Another matter of interest in the biological part of this work is the emphasis which the author puts on tradition, instruction, imitation, &c., in young animais, as enabling them to come into possession of even their natural instincts. There is also a discussion of Darwin's sexual selection in which sexual is referred back to natural selection, although the direct results of preferential mating would still seem to be a determination of variations for natural selection to work upon the chapter which deals with the psychology of his subject, Prof. Groos finds several source f pleasure to an animal in play; the pleasure of satisfying an instinct, the pleasure of move ment and energetic action, and, most of all, the "pleasure in being a cause." Particular stress is laid upon this last source of delight, together with the "pleasure in experimenting" which characterizes many play activities. Even the imitative function is said to produce the joy of victory over obstacles. The second psychological element distinguished in play is the feeling of reedom, the recognition that one doesn't have to do it, which is contrasted both with the neessity of sense and with the imperative of thought and conscience. The sense of freedom keeps the "make-believe" consciousness pure, and prevents the confusion of a game with the real activities of life. That, genetically, art rests upon play, is clear, according to Prof. Groos, for the reason that the three great motives of art production, to wit, self-exhibition, imitation and decoration, are found in the three great classes of animal play.

Sergeant Marched Gen. Wheeler to Head-

quarters. From the Paducah, Ky., Sun Major George F. Barnes, the ex-Councilman, relates an interesting story anent Gen. Jos Wheeler, now in Cuba. During the late war Major Barnes was a Major in the Federal Army. and Gen. Wheeler was Lieutenant-General in

the Confederate service. At the surrender of Athens Lieut.-Gen Wheeler was in the forces that surrendered, and desired to get over and join some other Confederate forces. He and several of his staff wrote out paroles and started toward the other camp. Major Barnes had his scouts out, and they met Wheeler and his men in the road and halted them. Wheeler said he was paroled and produced a parole in the name of "Lieut.

produced a parole in the name of "Lieut. Sharpe."

The Sergeant in charge of the scouting party read the papers and said:

"These papers are not right."

"You seem to doubt my veracity," said Wheeler, feagoing great indignation.

"Well," replied the Sergeant, "I happened to be your prisoner two weeks ago. Gen. Wheeler, and know you. You treated me pretty nice too, and I'm going to treat you nice. You'll have to go with me to headquarters."

"They brought him and his staff before me." said. Minor Barnes, in relating the incident, and Wheeler laughed heartily at his failure. He was a small man, with red hair and big freckles on his face, and you could see the dars devil in him from his chin to his scaip. I afterward wrote him a parole."